

to put at the wheel, while the old gentleman, either falls asleep in the pilot house, or else, as time takes him, sits with the older passengers. Recently there was a heavy storm and a dense fog on the ocean, and the old seaman ran his steamer a special trip to a island to take of several Sisters of Mercy called to nurse several patients. He did not know where he was in the fog, and his sight was too poor to read the compass. When his pilot got the Sisters on board, the old seaman could find his way anywhere in the bay in the densest fog without a compass. All the passengers bowed their heads in silent prayer and gave assent. It was a nice exhibition of the old seaman's custom of making the path down to the grave smooth for the old.